

Ouch!

Discomfort arise for me when I'm 'in process' with my inner work due to the manifestation of my steadily revealing spiritual self in my consciously lived reality and the temporary period of imbalance and lack of conscious self recognition this throws up. One big contributing factor to my discomfort comes from the dynamic of knowing everything at a spiritual level but only knowing some things at a conscious level.

The element of myself that consciously believes itself totally separate from its Source, mythically described for example as the biblical Garden of Eden episode, experiences a sense of loss on a simply colossal scale. In order to prevent itself from being completely overwhelmed by the fear this sense of loss engenders it has manufactured an 'alternative reality'. In this 'reality' a fabricated control exists which makes for a logical linear way of being in the world as in;

Ms X sets out from point 'A' and wishes to get to point 'E'. Which of the following routes should she take?

- a) 'B' followed by 'F' followed by 'Z'.
- b) 'D' followed by 'C' followed by 'B'.
- c) 'B' followed by 'C' followed by 'D'.

In this model of 'reality' I go for answer c every time. But anyone who has gone in for meticulous road trip planning over a period of time can attest to the fact that this model is far from 100% reliable. Roadworks, accidents, burst water mains being but a few of the variables that place route c firmly, or rather meltingly, in the chocolate teapot category. Nevertheless socio-cultural upbringing has me clinging to this method (the one in which I trust completely I have the conscious knowledge of every element of how I get to point 'E' before setting foot outside the door at 'A') as if my very existence depended upon it. So desperate is my need for a sense of security and control, in the bewildering experience of human existence, I turn not one but both blind eyes to the number of occasions this palpably doesn't work out for me. And I go on repeating this basic format, in a variety of versions for every situation, blaming everything but the basic premise each time I find myself battered, bruised, late and somewhere other than at point 'E'.

The hilarious truth is I do actually have total control if I did but realise it. But this control doesn't reside at a mental level. It resides at a spiritual level and has a competency I am only just beginning to consciously comprehend. At this level I KNOW about all the necessary diversions, even the ones that become required in the moment I approach a particular point. I KNOW how to navigate with total success every time from point 'A' to point 'E'. I understand the reason for every journey and I KNOW how to get myself there safely and on time. But at a conscious level I may only know points 'A' and 'E'. More often I may only really know point 'A', with each step along the way becoming a conscious level 'known' as and when I need to take it.

This is such a radical departure from how I have been used to operating it takes considerable adjusting to. Living through this the period of adjustment can send me rushing back to my old way of operating like a confused and desperate child needing its security blanket. At a conscious level I am experiencing a growth spurt. I'm coming out of childhood and learning to let go of the fabrication I've invested with the power to make everything turn out OK. I already understand someone outside myself taking that fabrication away from me is never going to work in the long run. I need to reach a point in my own time when I chose to let go of the old fabrication and live in the actual reality of personal adult responsibility. Until that moment comes, as I progressively trim the fabrication down to a smaller and smaller size, or leave it behind for longer and longer periods, I am going to feel uncomfortable.